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The Commonweal

December 16, 1949

Congress and the DP's

Daniel Seligman

Pension Paradise, II

Harry W. Flannery

A Crusader Riding Backwards

John C. Cort

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The Commonweal

WEEK BY WEEK

Show Me a Penny

THROUGH the centuries an elaborately subtle, often highly technical presentation of Christian doctrine has been developed by the moralists and theologians of the Church. There is today, and there has been for a long time, such a thing as a science of theology, and there are such people as professional theologians. Like medical doctors, they have their own vocabulary. They can talk together in words that for them have a special meaning. They share nuances, references, unspoken principles. When a religious question arises, it is to these men that we usually turn for enlightenment, as we turn to the medical scientists when a problem of health comes up.

But in a situation where the lines are as clearly drawn as in the present religious struggle in Czechoslovakia, it is not necessary to wait for the theologians' pronouncements. In Czechoslovakia, it is a question of the religious leaders of the people speaking for the people's right to worship God freely. It is a question of a nation's bishops boldly labeling the pretensions of a state which recognizes no authority above its own. It is a question of the leaders of the Church faced with a choice which they themselves describe as "submission to dictatorship or persecution."

To judge such a situation, to find the principle, as it were, one need only turn to the pages of the New Testament itself, where it can be found in language simple enough for the simplest, clear enough for the least understanding.

And they asked him, saying: Master, we know that thou speakest and teachest rightly: and thou dost not respect any person but teachest the way of God in truth. Is it lawful for us to give tribute to Caesar or no? But he, considering their guile, said to them, Why tempt you me? Show me a penny. Whose image and inscription has it? They answering, said to him: Caesar's. And he said to them: Render therefore to Caesar the things that are Caesar's; and to God the things that are God's. (Luke XX, 21-25)

In language almost as moving in its simplicity and clarity, the Czech Bishops in their pastoral letter of last June told their people: "Indeed, with gladness we shall render unto Caesar the

things which are Caesar's, but it would not be possible to sacrifice to him that which is God's, because it behooves us better to obey God than man."

That, in its simplest terms, explains the present Czech religious crisis. It is the latest chapter in an old, old story. In the Czech case, the specific details have a modern, totalitarian ring, but the struggle essentially is ageless. The Bishops in Czechoslovakia believe that they have no right to agree to the government's control of religious instruction and church appointments; they believe that they have no choice but to oppose the government insofar as it assumes the right to give orders to the clergy on what to say and what not to say even about religious matters; they cannot agree to the government's administering the churches and directing ecclesiastical consistories. To accept these controls, the Bishops say, would be suicidal. It would be to agree to becoming themselves the "mere instruments of lay power." It would be to agree to give Caesar what is God's.

The Czech Bishops know full well what it means for them to refuse to serve Caesar as he would be served. They know what the future may hold for them, their priests and their people. They are certainly no strangers to the rage of Caesar defied. Yet they dare to speak in words like these: "... there are enough people in this country of holy martyrs who are willing to sacrifice everything for the right of God and religious freedom." That kind of talk in Czechoslovakia, 1949, takes courage. And it is the kind of courage that serves all men, everywhere.

The House We Live In

SOLICITOR General Philip B. Perlman has announced that the government is going to refuse FHA insurance for loans to housing which will restrict tenancy or ownership on racial or religious grounds. This follows a Supreme Court decision last May ruling restrictive covenants legally unenforceable.

When this regulation is put into effect the Federal Housing Authority, which insures banks against losses in housing loans, will no longer ex-

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• NEXT WEEK •

Running against Chicago's Mayor Kennelly was once described by an opponent, "It's like running against a saint." Illinois' Governor Adlai Stevenson, no machine creature himself, won the wholehearted support of liberal and good-government groups.

JAMES O'GARA writes of these two men in "Stevenson and Kennelly": "Rumors of a rift between the two men have been circulating for months. Like whispers about a movie marriage..."

tend that protection to loans made for restricted housing units. The policy will also be extended to local slum clearance and redevelopment programs carried out under Title I of the 1949 Housing Act, and the Veterans Administration will make the same ruling on its GI home loans.

The first reactions were that unwritten covenants ("gentleman's agreements" as we say) could easily be substituted and the housing industry could proceed undisturbed. Subsequently, Arthur Krock of the *New York Times* has written that the ruling will have an effect of "rigid restraint" whether written covenants exist or not. This, Krock believes, in spite of assurances to the contrary by the FHA.

THE quickest reactions came from the South, where the most pain was to be inflicted. Jack Helm, executive vice president of the Home-Builders Association of New Orleans, said "We're building homes for white people. Do they expect us to sell them to Negroes too?" The hope in the hearts of Southern builders (a hope that was warmed by recollection of some previous government policies in the South) was expressed by James E. Robinson, chairman of the Atlanta Housing Authority, when he said "I don't think anyone would insist on enforcing such a thing in this section." The peculiar character of this federal action, which prevents it from being quite the violently unpalatable thing to the South FEPC would be, is that non-discrimination is necessary only if government assistance is accepted. As Ed Hiles, executive vice president of the Georgia Savings and Loan League put it: "Once you ask Uncle Sam to subsidize you, you've got to also be prepared to accept and carry out what he tells you to do."

If this policy is rigidly enforced, the South will try to carry on its housing construction without the government's help. The difficulties involved will quite certainly place a great handicap for the next few years upon efforts to re-house the Negro and white poor of the South. Whether the federal policy will be a failure, and segregation persist, only in shacks instead of in housing developments, depends upon how badly federal aid will be missed. As THE COMMONWEAL said two weeks ago, "Economics may yet convert those who defend segregation."

In the North, where moralizations about the South are plentiful, there were equally angry reactions. The real estate men of New Jersey were alarmed at the possible results of forcing "all types of persons and various income groups into housing which might be planned for one congenial class of residents or one income level. . . ." Beyond making this factually distorted argument, they said that "trouble-making minority organ-

zations" might take advantage of the ruling to disrupt large housing projects. The appropriate moral observation was made when the ruling was called "unreasonable." Harrison L. Todd, retiring president of the New Jersey Realty Association, said the ruling was "another move in the socialization of housing" and would have only bad effects at a time when the industry was nearing its goal of producing homes for what Mr. Todd, with unblenching qualification, called "nearly all income groups."

In the noise and indignation of these reactions this much is plain: A transcendent concern for the absolute profit, and a profound unconcern for Negroes, Jews and those other minority groups who dislike living in the ghetto.

Protection of the Holy Land

IN THE debate over Jerusalem all sorts of religious and political factors are intermingled. It has long been so. Palestine has been a battleground for centuries, and the Christian shrines have been held by the infidel Turks for over seven hundred years. Even since 1917, when General Allenby marched into Jerusalem, that land has witnessed bloody clashes between Jews and Moslems and acts of terrorism against the British; it has served as an object of constant discord among the major powers.

Jerusalem and its environs contain the principal shrines of Christendom: the Holy Sepulcher and the Sanctuary of the Ascension within the walls of the Old City; the Tomb of the Blessed Virgin just outside; the Church of the Nativity, the Grotto and the Shepherds Field, nearby at Bethlehem. The Jewish Wailing Wall, remnant of the Temple of Solomon, is also within the Old City, while Rachel's Tomb lies on the road to Hebron. The third most important shrine of the Moslems, the Mosque of Omar, stands within the city walls.

When the UN Security Council failed to reach a decision on the tortuous problem of the Holy Land, it was taken on by the General Assembly. After serious first-hand investigation and deliberation, the Assembly divided Palestine between the Jews and the Arabs and internationalized the city of Jerusalem, November 29, 1947. When, as provided, the British Mandate ended six months later and the troops withdrew, the Arabs (who opposed this partition) attacked Jerusalem. When the fighting had subsided, King Abdullah of Jordan had won the Old City and the sites of these Christian, Jewish and Moslem shrines, while the Israelis were in possession of the New City at Jerusalem. Both positions have since been consolidated and civil administration added to military rule.

The UN General Assembly, with no means of enforcing its decisions, has continued to back its original vote on the partition of Palestine and the internationalization of Jerusalem which the Vatican firmly supports. Since the battle of Jerusalem both Jews and Arabs have reversed their stands. The Israelis vociferously oppose internationalization of the city; the Arabs (except for King Abdullah, whom the other Moslem States fear) joined the majority of the nations, who favored the Australian proposal of internationalization. France, Britain, the Soviet Union and the Latin American countries were among this majority. This bloc, however, now falls short of the two-thirds necessary to secure the plan's adoption.

The Dutch-Swedish compromise proposal said currently to be regarded favorably by a number of delegates, would reduce internationalization to a minimum—the appointment of a UN commissioner or overseer for the Holy Places. On the other hand acceptance of this plan would impose major restrictions on King Abdullah and the Israelis. The city would have to be demilitarized and could serve neither Jews nor Arabs as a political or administrative center.

At the moment the opposition of the Israelis appears to be the greatest obstacle to internationalization of Jerusalem. But in the long run it is the lack of an operating international authority which is the rub.

Obviously the Holy Land should be preserved from armed tension and bloodshed. The status of Jerusalem and its environs should not remain in doubt. Pilgrims should have unhindered access, and fitting maintenance of the shrines should not depend on the whims of individual nations. The status of the area should be permanent, not susceptible to a change in government. For such reasons Jerusalem and its environs should be an entity apart, where maintenance of peace and concord is the concern of the nations. The case for the internationalization of Jerusalem rests on such considerations as these—considerations which should over-ride all those of lesser scope.

But the Australian plan, the internationalization decreed two years ago by the UN General Assembly and even the watered-down "compromise plan" now espoused by the United States, all depend on the functioning in Jerusalem of an international authority endowed with effective police power. A vote of the General Assembly, as the UN is now constituted, amounts to little more than an expression of world public opinion. This is hardly enough to be decisive where intense national and religious feelings are aroused. Without implementation it will not decide the fate of the holy city of Jerusalem.

Congress and the DP's

Congress alters the American tradition of welcoming the homeless.

Daniel Seligman

DURING the 1948 elections, both parties were in accord on one issue: the need to change our displaced persons policy, to make it easier for DP's to come here. President Truman, in his several sweeps across the country, made it a major campaign issue. Governor Dewey risked a split in the Republican party in order to come out vehemently for a more liberal law. Both candidates were agreed that the Displaced Persons Act of 1948 was anti-Catholic, anti-Semitic, and generally unworkable. The American Displaced Persons Commission and most of the country's religious organizations took a similar dim view of the act on the books.

But when the Eighty-first Congress adjourned in November, the act was still on the books, and the attempt to change it was beginning to look like a lost cause. The house had passed a liberalized measure back in June. The Senate, however, did not even get a bill to vote on during its ten-month session. Just before it adjourned, it decided to take no action on the House bill. In the Senate, debate on the displaced persons situation was so inflammatory and prejudiced, that it assumed the dimensions of a national scandal.

In outline, the facts of the DP situation are these. On V-E Day, the allied armies in Europe became the custodians of some 8 million persons who had been displaced by the war. About 7 million of these were willing and able to return to their homes by the end of 1945. About 600,000 more have since been resettled by the International Refugee Organization, the UN body charged with caring for DP's. But the boundary changes, expulsions, and persecutions which have followed World War II have continuously created new displaced persons in Europe, so that the number of DP's is still over half a million.

The United States has, as usual, been generous with its money. It has paid more than half the costs of the IRO. But it has not been generous in providing homes. Of all the DP's resettled in new homes, less than 15 per cent have come to this country. Israel and the United Kingdom have

each taken many more displaced persons than we have. By the end of October, the United States had taken only 100,000 of them—not enough to fill even its normal immigrant quotas. Moreover, we have refused to resettle here those refugees who entered DP camps after 1945.

This last point is an important one; it was the crux of the debates in the House and Senate. Most of the charges of anti-Catholicism and anti-Semitism centered around this problem of the "cut-off date." The date was crucial because of the facts of recent European history.

When the war ended, thousands of Catholics and Jews returned to their homes in Central and Eastern Europe, hoping for a chance to start life over. The Jews found, for the most part, that their homes and property were gone, and that the Nazis' anti-Semitic propaganda had sunk deep roots into the peoples of the region. Many of them, especially those in any way associated with Zionism, were politically suspect by the State. The Catholics, meanwhile, were confronted with an open, government-inspired reign of terror against their religion. As the "people's democracies" of Eastern Europe evolved into completely Communist régimes, attacks grew in intensity.

And so a second wave of refugees began to flow back into Western Europe during the early months of 1946. These displaced persons have been fleeing from Communist rather than Nazi rule, though most of them had also suffered under Hitler. Whatever the cause, they were undeniably displaced persons. The IRO has accepted them as DP's, despite the fulminations of the Russians in the UN, and is continuing to accept them at the rate of about 8,700 a month. But the United States has thus far refused to face up to their problem. The act of 1948 set December 22, 1945, as an arbitrary "cut-off date." Under this law, no refugee can be admitted into the US unless he was classified as a DP on that date.

The present act is discriminatory for another reason: the quota provisions. The act provides that 205,000 DP's can enter the country over the two-year period beginning July 1, 1948. But of this number, 30 per cent must be farmers and 40 per cent must come from the Baltic states. Since farmers and the Baltic DP's are largely

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non-Catholic and non-Jewish, these provisions also discriminate against the groups most in need of aid. The quota sections of the act have made it hard to get visas even for these Jews and Catholics who are eligible. Ugo Carusi, the chief Displaced Persons Commissioner, has testified that it is often difficult to find enough farmers and Baltic displaced persons who can come to this country. But until they are found, the others cannot come either.

★

IN a way, the congressional action—or lack of action—was more disheartening for what it revealed about some congressmen than for what it did to the DP's. Debate on the situation cut across party lines: in both the House and Senate, the support for a liberalized bill came from an evenly-divided Republican - Democratic coalition. In the House the coalition was a majority, in the Senate it was not.

It would be stupid and unfair to label all the opponents of a new bill as bigots. But the debate did produce some hair-raising arguments from the opposition. Representative Ed Gossett of Texas, who led the opposition in the House, and whose testimony before the Senate Judiciary Committee appeared to carry great weight with that body, made some especially noteworthy remarks. He referred to the DP's as "rodent refugees" and "the scum of Europe," and argued that if we had to take anyone into this country it had better be Germans, who "are of better stock than the DP's." "We have a right, if not a duty," he went on, "to maintain the ethnic character of the nation. By and large we are Anglo-Saxon."

This gibberish came from the man billed as the House's leading expert on immigration.

In the House, however, the restrictionist fanatics were voted down, apparently by a substantial majority. It was the Senate, theoretically the repository of a higher legislative wisdom, which was chiefly culpable in our betrayal of the DP's.

★

THE primary problem in the Senate was getting a bill to vote on. Some twenty bills had been introduced in the upper chamber, but all of these had been carefully locked away in the Judiciary Committee, presided over by the formidable Pat McCarran of Nevada, a fierce opponent of a liberalized law. Judiciary is the largest of all Senate committees; it processes approximately a third of all national legislation. It is supposed to get things done, and it usually does. In this case, Judiciary had not the shadow of an excuse for failing to act. To investigate the DP situation, the Committee had a staff of 26, an appropriation of \$135,000, and ten months' time. At least twenty members of the Senate, including several members of the Judiciary Committee, had

visited DP camps since the end of the war; probably nothing before Congress in recent times had received as much study as displaced persons. And yet it became apparent, as the day of adjournment drew closer, that the Committee was not going to report out a bill.

The supporters of new legislation became desperate and finally decided on a bold stroke. They took advantage of the absence of Senator McCarran (who was off in Europe, conducting still another investigation) to rush through the Committee a favorable report on the Celler Bill. This was the bill passed by the House three months previously: its chief effects were to raise the number of DP's allowed to come here from 205,000 to 339,000, and to remove the discriminatory features of the present act. And so the debate began.

In the early parts of the debate, an enormous amount of time was consumed by reading into the *Record* the horrendous experiences of disillusioned sponsors of DP's. Senator Langer was especially stricken with the plight of one of his constituents who had sponsored a Polish girl. "She complained bitterly about working more than eight hours and not receiving \$125 a month," the man had written to Senator Langer. A good many sponsors apparently became disgusted with their DP's when they discovered that they were not being provided with some sort of slave labor. A common complaint was that the DP's were too "independent:" they had good coats; they went to the hairdresser instead of fixing their own hair; they refused to work for sub-standard wages. Senator Langer was outraged by the case of the DP's who had been sent to Louisiana and there refused to work on plantations for \$2.90 a day.

Senators Langer, Eastland, Donnell, and Cain, the spearhead of the Senate opposition, played the Communist issue for all it was worth. They argued (a) that the DP's were pro-Communists who would be a menace to this country; and (b) that they were anti-Communists whose departure from Europe would help Stalin's forces over there. One way or another, it seemed, the DP's were going to aid the Communists.

Senator Cain put on one of the prize performances. He pictured the DP's in European camps as "living in idleness and indulgence." They pay no rent; their light, their water, and their utilities are provided for them. . . . I myself would have appreciated an opportunity in recent years to live in some of the accommodations, not all, by any means, which were set aside for the displaced persons in the European theatre." When Senator Douglas interrupted to point out that the IRO was spending in the vicinity of \$5.60 a week for each DP, and to inquire how that figure was compatible with such enviable living conditions, Sena-

tor Cain declined to go into details.

On October 15, the last day of the Senate debate, Senator Graham received a letter from Edward M. O'Connor, acting chairman of the Displaced Persons Commission. Mr. O'Connor had been asked to comment on the prospects faced by the DP's if the Senate voted down the Celler Bill. He replied that these difficulties, among others, would arise:

(1) Departures of displaced persons from Europe in all likelihood will drop from the present average rate of 15,000 a month to at best 8,000 or 10,000 a month. . . .

(2) Once the shipments are cut back, it will be impossible to get them up again soon enough to complete the job by June 30, 1950. . . .

(3) The effect of the restrictive provisions of the present law in reducing numbers arriving in the United States cannot be compensated for by legislation enacted next year.

(4) We will not be able to complete the present program by June 30, 1950, and may be limited to only 150,000 to 160,000 instead of the authorized 205,000. . . .

Despite this clearly worded warning, the Senate voted to recommit the Celler Bill for further study. Neither the pressure of President Truman, on the Democratic side, nor the blandishments of Senator Taft, on the Republican, was able to save the day.

*

THE debate in the Senate, it is probably safe to say, reflected most of the prejudices and misconceptions about DP's which are alive in the country at large. Three ideas, especially, have gained wide currency, though they are completely at variance with the facts.

(1) *That DP's who come to this country are a security risk.* The great majority of displaced persons now in the European camps are refugees from Communist-dominated areas. The IRO has made strenuous efforts—much too strenuous, in some observers' opinion—to get them to return home. They have refused, almost unanimously: there have even been suicides among DP's who anticipated a forced return to Eastern Europe. The restrictionists deduce from all this that the DP's have been sent out of the satellite nations with the aim of getting them into the United States as spies. Their argument does not, however, account for the fact that the Russians, in the UN and elsewhere, have used every tactic at their disposal to have the DP's repatriated.

Moreover, the DP's have to face a rigorous screening before they can get into this country.

A DP is screened by the IRO, the FBI, the U. S. Counter-Intelligence Corps, a group jointly representing the State Department and the Immigration & Naturalization Service, and the Displaced

Persons Commission. Obviously, not many security risks are going to get past that battery.

(2) *That DP's are taking jobs and homes away from Americans.* The naïve view that a country's prosperity is in inverse proportion to the size of its population seems always to turn up during immigration debates. This view assumes that a country's goods and services are limited to fixed quantities; it ignores the fact that new arrivals create wealth as well as consume it. If it had any validity at all, Israel, which has taken almost twice as many DP's as this country, would have gone under long ago. In any case, the argument is irrelevant to the DP situation. Under the present act, as under the Celler Bill, every DP who comes to this country must have a sponsor over here. The sponsor assures the authorities that the DP has a residence and a job waiting for him. Since many of the sponsors are relatives of DP's, a large percentage of the new arrivals board with their families instead of competing for apartments. As far as jobs are concerned, many of the DP's are women and elderly men, and they are not expected to make any impress on the labor market. The CIO, the AFL, and the Railway Brotherhoods have all recognized this state of affairs and endorsed the Celler Bill.

(3) *That only the worst of the DP's are still in Europe.* This is the "hard core" argument, which holds, briefly, that the cream of the displaced persons has been skimmed several times over, and that only a hard core of misfits, degenerates, and criminals, remains. Actually, there is a "hard core" of about 161,000 DP's who will be denied resettlement because of serious disease (usually typhus), but that is as far as the matter goes. The DP's who remain in Europe are emphatically not the "thieving, criminal, depraved" people that one congressman called them. The fact is that a House Committee on Displaced Persons, which made an on-the-scene check in Europe last year, reported that DP's "had a better record for good behavior than our own United States Army in . . . Germany."

If the DP's coming over now were really undesirable, one would expect an increasing difficulty in finding sponsors for them. But this is not the case: actually, as the Displaced Persons Commission reported, "we have no trouble . . . as far as assurances are concerned. We shall receive many more than 205,000, many more. They are coming in at that terrific rate."

Apparently, George Washington's words, suggesting that this country become "more and more a safe and propitious asylum for the unfortunate of other countries," express what is still the American tradition. It is a great pity that the U. S. Congress altered the formula to Ed Gossett's heartless question: "Are we to become the dumping ground for those that other countries do not want?"

Pension Paradise: Another Chapter

California changes its mind and votes out one pension plan, installs another—with still more coming up.

Harry W. Flannery

CALIFORNIA, land of old-age pensions, has added another chapter to the story that has featured the Townsend Old-Age Revolving Pensions and Ham and Eggs.

Ever since it became apparent that Iowa, Indiana and Kansas were heeding the cry, "Go West, old citizen, go West," pensions for the elderly have been a subject of prime political concern in California. Socialist Upton Sinclair started it when he included in his EPIC movement a promise of a pension of \$50 a month for those economically dependent because of old age, physical incapacity or widowhood. Dr. Francis E. Townsend upped the offer to \$200 a month for all over 60, while guaranteeing that his plan would restore prosperity to the nation. Willis and Lawrence Allen added the appealing twist of \$30 every Thursday, or Ham and Eggs.

In 1941, hulking, tortoise-shelled spectactled George McLain, who had been on the staff of the district attorney in Los Angeles County, began his Committee for Old Age Pensions. By 1948, he was ready to put the proposal on the ballot, and he won. The margin was only 37,282 votes out of 3,638,318, but it was enough. This year, to the surprise of many, by a majority of over 390,000 the idea was voted out.

Most persons who believe the local, state or national government has a responsibility to those who, by no fault of their own, are unable to maintain themselves, would sympathize with what McLain has done.

Assigned to investigate complaints by aged and blind persons of unfair budgeting, he says he found that most welfare officials treated the petitioners as if they had no right to ask anything. Everything was done to discourage them and reduce their claims, he said.

What was more, McLain argued, the pensions were inadequate. The national average per month in November, 1947, was \$39.74. Nobody could live on that. (It was only \$39.37 last year.) The only way to help these aged citizens, as he called them, was to organize them. It was

like a union in labor relations. It was like any political action. A bloc with political power was necessary.

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THUS was formed McLain's Citizens Committee for Old Age Pensions, in which membership was \$5 a year. McLain went on the air with a radio program which expanded to 20 stations. He had a good voice and when he ended one program with a prayer, he found that so popular, it became a regular feature. He put out a monthly newspaper. He organized teams of speakers and organizers to form and maintain clubs throughout the state. He began the programs with a salute to the flag, and ended them with "God Be With You Till We Meet Again." He didn't burden those who attended with talks. Community singing, ballad singers, magicians and other entertainers helped swell attendance and enthusiasm. Meetings and huge picnics took on the character of revivals.

Many persons agreed with what McLain asked for the aged and blind in the 1948 voting. It was all right to increase the old age pension from \$60 a month to \$75, the blind from \$75 to \$85. It was fair to allow the pensioner to have real property if its assessed valuation was no more than \$3,500, a net income of no more than \$360 a year, and personal belongings of no greater value than \$1,500. There was no justice in requiring that a pension petitioner make himself destitute before he was able to collect his pittance.

"This is not a gratuity; it is your right," McLain told the old folks.

There was less agreement over the proposal to repeal the legislation which had required children, able to support their parents, to contribute to that.

Those who had studied the proposal were also apprehensive about the provision that made the secretary of the Citizens' Committee the first director of the Department of Social Welfare. Sure, a new director would be elected in 1950, but a foot in the door was perhaps thus afforded for a political giant.

Of course, some just wanted to see the McLain legislation repealed. Others wanted it im-

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proved, re-studied, with the threat of one-man power, if any, removed.

Realists knew the pensions could not be reduced. They therefore framed Proposition 2 for the 1949 ballot so that it retained the \$75 and \$85 figures. All other provisions, however, would be repealed: control would be shifted from Myrtle Williams, former secretary of the Citizens' Committee, back to the counties. The responsible relatives' clause would be restored.

At first, few objective political analysts saw much chance of this Proposition 2 passing. Newspapers, chambers of commerce, business groups, the P-TA and women's clubs, were for it, but that was not enough. In fact, the backing of some of the commercial groups made some liberals wonder.

McLain, on the other hand, had an organized group. He could vote all his members and their friends, and he had the backing of numbers of liberals. He campaigned in his clubs, over the radio, through his paper, by direct mail, in debates, and with billboards. A sweet old lady pleaded from the boards to "Keep Mother Protected." Claiming that Proposition 2, labeled "Aged and Blind Aid," was misleading, other sheets asked voters to "Defeat This Fraud. Vote No on 2."

This, said the Committee, "is the first attempt in the State's history to set aside an initiative voted by the people before it was even given a fair trial. . . . The motive of the California State Chamber of Commerce is to shift more than \$21-million of taxes now paid by the railroads, banks and corporations onto the over-taxed home-owners and farmers."

The argument that passage of 2 would increase the real estate taxes was potent—to those who heard it. This was because pensions by the McLain plan were paid for out of state and not county funds. On the other hand, the Parent-Teachers Association was against the McLain system, because the 1948 legislation made pension funds a first lien against state funds. The P-TA thought school funds were thus endangered, and were not, in any case, secondary to pensions.

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JIMMY ROOSEVELT, candidate for governor, said he thought 2 should be defeated. Others said McLain was feeling his political muscles and becoming ambitious. He wants to be governor, some said. No, declared others, he wants to head a pension movement on a national scale.

Governor Earl Warren came out for 2. Then Anna Roosevelt, sister of Jimmy, made press columns. She supported 2. That was surprising. It excited comment.

Anna's name was among those of liberals on the organizing committee of a group which called itself the Liberal League for Adequate Pensions. "Take Politics out of Pensions and Pensions out of Politics," said the League announcement. McLain, it said, was "the Pied Piper of Pensions." 1948's Proposition No. 4 had given him "the greatest power ever exercised by any man not in political office in the state. . . . Many liberals," the statement went on, "are afraid to express their true sentiments for fear of being labeled 'anti-pension' or 'reactionary.' . . . McLainism, a personally controlled movement to exploit the misery and frustrations of the old people, will continue to haunt our state at every election until conservatives and liberals alike agree to make a program for pension progress a central part of long-range state and national planning." The League had a lot to do with the victory of Number 2.

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NOW, California faces another pension problem. Proposition 2 has returned the pensions to the counties, but it did not provide them with funds with which to pay them. Since 1948's No. 4 was in effect in 1949, the legislature appropriated state funds for pensions, and county supervisors had not arranged to set aside 1950 money for such a purpose.

In Los Angeles County, the supervisors instructed the county counsel to make a survey of possibilities of raising \$900,000 a month for the pension payments. The cost of the pensions to all the counties, estimated Ralph Curry, of the State Finance Department, would be \$25,017,000.

Although it is not clear whether No. 2 goes into effect five days after the official declaration of the vote, or three months after the declaration, it's generally estimated the effective date will be March 1. That gives some time for action.

County officials and the State and local governments committee of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce have discussed a proposal that the State turn over to the counties the proceeds of the ½% sales tax it collects in 1950. This addition to the former sales tax was levied for pensions. Since this sum would not be available until the end of 1950, the State should advance the funds, it was said.

The League will meet this month. At that time, a proposal is expected that would continue State payment through the sales tax, although the counties would continue handling the machinery of payment. "It is our purpose," Carlson has said, "to begin at once consultative gatherings on the whole problem of pensions with rep-

representative leaders of all groups—aged, blind, labor, business, educational, professional, etc. Together we will work out specific legislative measures necessary to give the people of California a pension program sound, progressive and financially stable.”

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THE effect of the new legislation will be to save California \$65-million and the Federal Government \$18½-million a year. This is because 18,000 will be dropped from the lists, since persons 63 and 64 years of age are no longer eligible, and 23,000 more may be dropped because of tightening of property requirements and resumption of relatives' responsibility.

The peak of pensioners on the California rolls will be reached next February, just before the new legislation goes into effect. At that time, 279,500 are expected to be on the lists. This will be one of the highest percentages in the country. It will be considerably in excess of the 31% of the aged and blind in the state, which was the figure for 1948.

California has been more generous in its pension payments than other states. In July, the 250,138 then on the rolls got an average of \$70.68, compared with the New York average of \$52.61, Pennsylvania's \$40.18, and Washington's \$66.90.

Despite these figures, it is not true, however, that California has a higher percentage of aged persons than other states. Actually, the 1948 figures showed the number in the State who were 65 years of age or older was about the same as the national average in all states, 7.63 compared with 7.48. New York had a higher percentage, 8.24. Illinois and Ohio both were above 8%. Pennsylvania's figure was 7.67.

But California is the most pension-conscious. Operating on that premise, the newest figure on the horizon is a World War veteran and part-time painter, John T. Perkins. Perkins says he's running for governor on both the Democratic and Republican tickets, and that he favors pensions of \$100 a month. He'd raise the money by legalizing gambling and prostitution.

Willis Allen, of Ham and Eggs fame, is back again with what he calls the Pension and Taxpayers' Union. "Every taxpayer remains where he was before—holding the sack," says Allen. "It takes \$250-million a year to pay pensions. We claim we can raise that and more by legalized bookmaking and gambling, and our petitions to put an initiative authorizing that on the 1950 ballot is going great guns."

McLain also is not silent. He says it's apparent the old folks need him now more than ever.

Just another chapter has been added to the continued story of California, Pension Paradise.

The Labor Movement

A Crusader Riding Backwards

JAMES H. MCGRAW, JR., is a powerful man in America, what is called "a man of influence." He is president of the McGraw-Hill Publishing Company.

McGraw-Hill publishes over 40 business magazines and assorted publications in this and other countries, of which the best known is *Business Week*. It publishes a great many business, industrial and technical books. It controls the firm of Whittlesey House, which has printed a number of Catholic books, including *Peace of Soul*, by Monsignor Fulton Sheen.

But Mr. McGraw is not content to be influential by remote control. He writes editorials, and in order to make sure that everyone will see them he buys the back page of the *New York Times*, for several pretty pennies, and reprints them there. And at the same time he runs identical ads in the leading papers of Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh. And he encourages everyone to reprint "all or part of these editorial messages with or without credit mention."

He has run 79 of these ads over the years. A conservative estimate of their cost, for the six papers, would run to at least \$300,000, and it is more likely to be up around \$500,000.

The last two of Mr. McGraw's full-page ads appeared on October 7 and November 4. The proximity to Election Day is whatever you want to make it. Both have the emotional quality of a crusade. And the crusade is violently anti-labor.

On November 4 we had this headline in about 64 point type, big and black: "The Labor Union Monopoly Bites All Workers." The burden of this one is that the anti-trust laws must be amended to break up "the labor monopoly that has become the dominant national force in our country today." Other than that "labor monopoly" is nowhere defined.

But on October 7 Mr. McGraw gave us some idea of what he meant by labor monopoly. He meant mostly industry-wide bargaining. This ad is devoted to a long cheer for the coal and steel operators because they "have taken on a battle for a principle important to every business in the land. They have decided that the time has come—right now—to stop appeasing labor leaders." That is the principle. No kidding.

The demands of the CIO Steelworkers are characterized by Mr. McGraw as "impossible," and this in spite of the fact that they were recommended by a Presidential fact-finding board and in spite of the further fact that the companies finally settled for two to five cents more than the board and the union had originally asked.

Then Mr. McGraw proceeds to show that we need an amendment to the Taft-Hartley Law. In his own magazine, the same *Business Week*, from which this editorial is reprinted, his own labor editor, Merlyn Pitzele, had long ago shown how Taft-Hartley is un-

fairly loaded against the unions and is, in fact, a potential weapon for wholesale union-busting in time of unemployment.

But this is not the kind of amendment Mr. McGraw has in mind. No, the Taft-Hartley Law, "while an important first step," does not go far enough. "The events of this week," he says, "demonstrate that it should be supplemented by a ban on industry-wide bargaining."

And what are those events? "In both steel and coal monopolistic labor leaders attempting to dictate industry-wide terms are responsible for the impasse blocking a way to settlement."

The statement concludes on a note which was evidently meant by Mr. McGraw to be optimistic. "It is up to the businessmen," he says, "to see that the 'educational opportunities,' which the current crops of strikes provide, are fully realized." Surely no one could suggest that Mr. McGraw has failed to do his part.

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THAT is the thesis. Let us examine it from two points of view: one, in the light of the facts, and two, in the light of Catholic social doctrine.

Mr. McGraw charges that Philip Murray, president of the CIO steelworkers, and John L. Lewis, head of the United Mine Workers (independent), use the power which their union members give them "to bargain on an industry-wide basis." He says further that coal companies cannot "compete with each other in bargaining . . . because Lewis bargains with the industry as a whole."

What are the facts? Disregarding the question as to whether industry-wide bargaining is a crime or a virtue, the truth is that it does not exist in the steel industry, except in so far as one of the leading companies sets the pattern for the rest of the industry.

Up to this year it was always U. S. Steel. This year it was Bethlehem. The steelworkers did not, we repeat, originate this policy. It existed long before there was an effective union in the steel business. And there is still no industry-wide bargaining in the proper sense, that is, representatives of all, or most, of the employers sitting down to negotiate with the union.

It is therefore not only inaccurate to make such a charge against Murray, it is ironic, because if anyone is guilty, it is U. S. Steel and Bethlehem.

In the coal industry we come closer to industry-wide bargaining, but even there it does not include "the whole industry," as Mr. McGraw says. There are separate negotiations for bituminous unions and anthracite unions, for southern producers and northern producers.

And there, too, the charge has been misplaced. It should have been leveled at the employers, not at the union. For example, just before Lewis called off the recent bituminous strike, he tried desperately to get the producers of Illinois and Indiana to negotiate a separate contract, "to compete in bargaining" with the other producers, as Mr. McGraw would say. No dice. The producers of Illinois and Indiana flatly refused to be split off from the other operators of the northern asso-

ciation. It seems as though they want industry-wide bargaining far more than John L. Lewis or the United Mine Workers.

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SECONDLY, let us consider the question from the standpoint of Catholic teaching. Is industry-wide bargaining a good thing? It is the opinion of Catholic authorities that it is not only a good thing, but a necessary thing, a step that must be taken by far more American industries before we can make any substantial progress toward the type of economy proposed by Popes Leo XIII and Pius XI in their great encyclicals on labor and industry.

The temptation is to say that it is the unanimous opinion. This writer knows of no recognized expert on Catholic social doctrine who has taken a contrary position in the name of that doctrine. Father Raymond Miller, C.Ss.R., who could put in a good claim for the title of foremost authority on the encyclicals in this country, has this to say in his book, *Forty Years After*, which is a commentary on Pius XI's *Quadragesimo Anno* (Page 125): "[The Pope's] system of the 'order' [in this country known as Industry Councils] would include *collective contracts*, labor legislation, control of competition and monopoly, and labor's due share in management" (italics mine).

Since the orders are industry-wide organizations, it follows that "collective contracts" implies some kind of industry-wide bargaining. This is clear from the context, for on the same page Father Miller refers to the position taken by Leo XIII in the other great labor encyclical, *Rerum Novarum*, Paragraph 34 (64): "He (Leo) states that preferably this particular 'social and juridical order' should be initiated at least by collective contracts between employers and labor unions, covering all the firms in an industry."

Europe is far ahead of America in these matters. In 1920, under the presidency of Cardinal Mercier, a group of Catholic experts and scholars founded the International Union of Social Studies at Malines. In 1924 they published "A Code of Social Principles," which, in Father Miller's words, "is perhaps, after the papal encyclicals, the most outstanding Catholic document in the world on the social question." This is what the Code has to say on the subject of industry-wide bargaining: "Under the present system, the organization within an industry of parallel and distinct groups of employers and employed, establishing mutual collective labor agreements and setting up permanent organizations of contact by joint committees with equal representation, provides the best probability that justice will be observed in regard to wage rates."

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IN AMERICA therefore what we need is not a ban on such bargaining, but a policy of encouraging it to increase and multiply as rapidly and widely as possible. Granted, Mr. McGraw, this device, like every good instrument, can be abused for anti-social ends, by both labor leaders and employers. But because some men have

used government for evil ends it does not therefore follow that we should return to the law of the jungle. The thing to do is to improve the government.

Mr. McGraw laments that "if the trend toward industry-wide bargaining runs unchecked, competitive business as we have known it in America will disappear."

Well, that heading would cover a great deal of cut-throat chiseling, a great deal of sweat-shop operating, a great deal of uncompetitive finagling on the price end of things together with wide-open competition on the wage end of things.

There is room for much more competition—particularly price and quality competition—in American industry. But if Mr. McGraw means that industry-wide bargaining would remove the worker's sweat and blood and heartbreak from the area of legitimate competition, then he is absolutely right, "competitive business as we have known it in America will disappear." And when that day comes every friend of the poor and the oppressed will be standing at the dock, cheering its departure.

JOHN C. CORT.

The Stage

That Lady

BY THIS time it has surely become public knowledge that the play starring Katharine Cornell—adapted by Kate O'Brien from her own novel—does not provide smooth sailing for anyone. I cannot imagine what persuaded Guthrie McClintic to find a theatrical dimension in this indifferent story and I think it a pity that Miss Cornell and, in most cases, an intrepid cast, have had to be wasted. For indeed, all are wasted. There is, of course, the rather intriguing spectacle of one of the first actresses in the land cavorting with a black patch over her eye; there is a certain costume progress contrived by Rolf Gérard and depending upon a good many changes in mantillas; and there surely is a progress in make-up as Miss Cornell works through some ten scenes towards a death arranged by the meanest possible king.

The tale, as you probably know, has to do with the romance and destruction of one of the most aristocratic and powerful women in the court of Philip II. It *ought* to have interest and I'm at a loss to tell why it does not. One thing will be that the business is written entirely in an English idiom. I have nothing against this, of course, but somehow or other, there is something uncomfortable about watching our own star, in a cast composed almost completely of Britishers, taking on in such a refined way. It isn't in period. The thing should have been composed of blood and guts and if Miss O'Brien is incapable of such vision, certainly Miss Cornell is not.

It seems to me she is capable of anything. It is true she is of a stature which cannot seem to any of us the perfectly American, democratic type. One cannot picture her housekeeping to the radio, cooking for the kids, playing Mom. But if she is forced to retreat into history, can she not commission Robinson Jeffers for another

"Medea"? Or, daring further, commission some intelligent writer for her choice of Racine? Or, and here perhaps we have something, cause to be written eleven different versions of the life of George Eliot and from the mix-drix form a play which would have fire and size, as well as fact. What could be more exciting? I think it is critically important to try to match the high talents of this actress to some sort of idea. Or drama. And not since the revival of the "Barretts" have we had Miss Cornell even in a state of drama.

I want to underline that Henry Daniell does a most subtle job with his presentation of Philip in the present fiasco; and also, that it is wonderfully nostalgic and rewarding to find Henry Stephenson deserting Hollywood to play a meaningless Cardinal with his customary (I'm sorry) éclat. Someone named Joseph Wiseman is perhaps not the worst actor I have seen, but certainly one of the most pretentious, and I experienced nothing from Torin Thatcher's long and silly speeches in the role of the lover, save a certain professional sympathy. (*at the Martin Beck*)

Texas, Lil' Darlin'

MY PREFERENCE for small musicals is too well known to need any explanation, but it is nice to be able to indulge it again in a review. I hope Anthony Brady Farrell has hit the jack-pot this time as I think his present production makes a fine and witty evening. And this on top of the fact that it has surely the silliest title so far. Nevertheless, John Whedon and Sam Moore's books, Robert E. Dolan's tunes, and particularly Johnny Mercer's lyrics—all in the hands of a young and bright cast—do add up to fun and comment.

The fable, a pretty complicated one, would seem to be divided between a satire on Texas politics (a Pappy O'Daniel reminiscence, I guess), and a burlesque of the methods of Time-Life, Inc. in taking over a town, an election, or an idea. Mr. Mercer, who rarely goes wrong, has done wonders, I think, with this brand of "Time-speak." Through a clever movie arrangement we get such epithets as "Able, Beetle-Browed, Harvey Small" for the publisher at stake in the business, plus "Canny, Slab-Sided Hominy Smith" for his truckling politician. And perhaps the most roaring song, "Affable, Balding, Me" as delivered by Fredd Wayne and Mary Hatcher brought down the house at once and had, fortunately, hundreds of stanzas.

When I say Mr. Mercer rarely goes wrong, I mean just that. However, he does seem to waver between the sheerest wit added to an astonishing prosody (actually his only rival on the latter score would seem to me to be Ira Gershwin), and some mixed-metaphor department. A production number called "The Big Movie Show In The Sky" just isn't worth his time, or ours. And in my opinion such lines as "My Four-leaf Clover's Out To Lunch" can only send the more sensitive portion of his public off screaming. Fortunately, these errors are well buried in hits and are probably only glaringly noticeable to someone who has been one of Mr. Mercer's fans from way back.

Radio's Kenny Delmar manages an endearing job on the loud political end of things. Loring Smith does as well on the editorial side. I think I liked Miss Hatcher best when dealing with "They Talk A Different Language," but she benefits all her material. Finally, I can only openly admit to loving Danny Scholl (critically, of course), and to wishing I had the space to name each of the Secretaries who so succinctly deals with "Take A Crank Letter." All in all, the business is small, very gay, and by my statistical count, drew the happiest second-night audience in town. (*at the Mark Hellinger*)

KAPPO PHELAN.

The Screen

The Tough Boys and Girls

FILMS of violence have been ganging up on us lately in large numbers. Since none of the new crop is anything you have to drop everything to run to, I'm covering the whole batch in the short reviews below. These notes may help you to decide whether to stop or go.

Trapped: is a well-made movie showing how hard T-Men work to capture counterfeiters. Director Richard Fleischer has given the whole piece a nicely-photographed, documentary-like atmosphere; and the cast led by Lloyd Bridges as one of the bad men, and John Hoyt as one of the T-Men in disguise, cooperate with restrained, realistic performances. The plot is convincing, but you should be warned that the violence is carried to extremes and this is nothing for anyone who doesn't like to watch brutal fisticuffs. Misers will drool over the \$240,000 in expertly counterfeited 20 dollar bills that keep floating all over the place.

The Story of Molly X: reverses the usual pattern. It starts as a thriller about cops and robbers, and then becomes almost a documentary about modern penology. Although June Havoc gives a very good portrayal of the leader of the mobsters, the picture has a false tough air that detracts from its later prison sequences. You and Molly learn quite a bit about California's institutions for women; and Molly is right in describing the jail she lands in as "looking like a girls' school." The warden and her assistants are mainly interested in giving their girls a chance to change. They use the psychological method, but the change, of course, depends on the girls. As a film this is no world beater, but it will hold your interest.

Chicago Deadline: submits Alan Ladd as a very handsome, dead-panned reporter who decides to track down all the clues in connection with the death of a young girl (Donna Reed). These clues take him to a wide variety of people whose stories give an even wider variety of reports on Donna. The plot gets a little hard going at times and you may have some difficulty in fitting the assorted pieces together, but the whole is by no means a bore. Whenever things seem to get quiet, someone roughs Alan up a bit.

A Dangerous Profession: is about the bail bond business in which George Raft and Pat O'Brien seem to be doing very well until Ella Raines turns up in Raft's life for the second time. Now, she comes for money to get her husband (Bill Williams) out of jail. But it so happens that she doesn't love this weakling who never really grew up. When he is murdered, things get much more complicated, and the picture, which has too many clues anyway, becomes so involved that you suspect everyone. The solution is not worth the headache.

I Married a Communist: is a thriller based on the idea that nobody, but nobody, can leave the Party. After a quick courtship, Laraine Day marries Robert Ryan and later gets the shock of her life when she discovers he's a Commie. Since Ryan also happens to be a San Francisco shipping executive, the C.P. refuses to let him go when he objects to dirty work. If you don't take all this too seriously, the movie is pretty exciting. It has a lot of sinister characters (you can guess which side they are on) and it is well loaded with scary sequences photographed in frightening semi-darkness. Janice Carter, as a lady agent, almost steals the show. Rumors are going around that this picture may have a change of title before it hits your local screen.

The Red Danube: is about Communism, too, and shows how the Soviets in Vienna hate to let go of anyone, even refugees who may have escaped from Russia. Actually this movie is about a lot of ideas and people and its crowded plot never jells. Based on Bruce Marshall's "Vespers in Vienna," it could have been made into a pleasant and reassuring movie. But given production stuff out of proportion to its story, with Ethel Barrymore as the Mother Superior, Walter Pidgeon as the English colonel, Louis Calhern as the Russian colonel, it seems to have no relation to reality except in the moving speeches taken right from Marshall's book. Furthermore Director George Sidney allowed the handsome young folk (Peter Lawford, Angela Lansbury, Janet Leigh) to run away with the story in a way that changes the emphasis. The violence is there, the exposure of Soviet cruelty is there—but the answer requires more than Miss Barrymore's knowing smile.

She Wore a Yellow Ribbon: is the kind of outdoor melodrama that Producer-director John Ford makes to perfection. Gorgeous western scenery in handsome Technicolor, lots of brave soldiers (John Wayne, Victor McLaglen, John Agar, Ben Johnson, Harry Carey, Jr., George O'Brien) a pretty girl (Joanne Dru), and a clever older woman (Mildred Natwick), an undermanned fort and scads and scads of Indians in and out of war paint. Ford has mixed his ingredients well and he uses the camera expertly to tell an interesting story. If it's rough riding and tough fighting you like—interspersed with romantic boy-girl-stuff and sentimental man-among-men lustiness—"Yellow Ribbon" is for you.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Of Note

Natural Law

THE third annual Symposium of the Natural Law Institute of the University of Notre Dame was held December 9th and 10th. Among the speakers scheduled to address the symposium were Carlos P. Romulo, President of the General Assembly of the United Nations, Stephen Kutter of Catholic University, E. S. Corwin of Princeton and Richard O'Sullivan, K.C., of London.

Writing of the Notre Dame meeting in his column for November 29th, Arthur Krock of the *New York Times* discussed at some length the idea of the Natural Law accepted as "a higher source of human rights than the State." After writing on the application of the Natural Law to specific situations in the U. S., he concludes:

The literature on Natural Law antedates Sophocles. The distances of time and origin over which the human mind has traveled to meet on common ground is illustrated by two observations on the subject. Thomas Aquinas in 1275 wrote that "the participation of the eternal law in rational creatures is called the Natural Law. Every human law has just so much of the nature of law as is derived from the law of nature. But if at any point it deflects from the law of nature, it is no longer a law but a perversion of law." And Judge Jerome Frank, of the United States Court of Appeals, commented in 1949 that "I cannot understand how any decent man can today refuse to adopt, as the basis of modern civilization, the fundamental principles of Natural Law, relative to human conduct, as stated by Thomas Aquinas."

But these extracts give a clue to the division that has always existed among thinkers on this subject. Judge Frank confines his application to "human conduct," which may or may not take in the decisions of the state when a Natural Law conflicts with one that is man-made, as often it does in a complex or externally threatened society, even in peacetime. Thomas Aquinas suggested no limitation; and Jefferson, writing in 1816, made this broad statement:

"Our legislators are not sufficiently apprised of the rightful limits of their power; that their true office is to declare and enforce only our natural rights and duties and to take none of them from us. No man has a natural right to commit aggression on the equal rights of another, and this is all from which the laws ought to restrain him. . . . When the laws have declared and enforced all this, they have fulfilled their function, and the idea is quite unfounded that on entering into society we give up any natural right."

In the clashing succession of violent events these days the discussion to be resumed by the Institute at Notre Dame may seem dull, philosophical hair-

splitting, and equally unimportant. But the growth of state controls of man all over the world, including the United States, and his acceptance of the legalism which enforces them, compose an acute, present-day problem for all who are governed.

Church in Japan

THE December issue of *Catholic Missions* (109 East 38th Street, New York 16, New York) carries an account of a recent visit to Japan by the Most Rev. Thomas J. McDonnell, National Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. Bishop McDonnell writes of the result of a study of religious conditions he made there:

We were gratified to find that of the 459 new Catholic missionaries—priests, brothers, and sisters—who entered the country since the end of war to the end of 1948, 101 came from the United States—the second largest group after the Canadians. We know that in modern times it was France and Germany which made the greatest contribution to the building of the church in Japan, as it had been the Spanish, Portuguese and Italians in the days of Saint Francis Xavier.

While sharing the hardships of the people under post-war conditions here, the missionaries have accomplished marvels in alleviating and relieving their sufferings. The new churches now being built are modest and simple buildings. The Church in Japan seems to be wisely using its limited resources in relieving human misery. . . .

Catholic social works in Japan have been almost doubled since the end of the war. In 1946 under Catholic auspices there were 106 institutions such as hospitals, dispensaries, orphanages, homes for old folks, repatriates, and lepers. Now they number close to 200.

The great Catholic lay organization known as the St. Vincent de Paul Society for the relief of the poor was practically extinct here at the end of the war. Now there are 80 branches of this Society operating. One such branch in Kyoto provides food and clothing for 1,200 families a week. An equal number is aided every two weeks by an Osaka branch. One American missionary in Kyoto has inspired 200 villages in the rural areas to contribute products regularly for the support of the needy.

Catholic social principles as laid down in the encyclicals of recent Popes are becoming widely known in Japan through writings and lectures and the active work of groups of young laymen such as the Christian Social League. They can bridge the gulf created by present economic conditions between the worker and the employer. Japan needs more missionary priests, sisters and brothers to meet the requests on the part of the people for instruction in the Catholic religion. The incessant appeal made to us everywhere as we traveled through Japan was to "send more missionaries."

John Quincy Adams for Ph. D.'s

Wayne Andrews

John Quincy Adams and the Foundations of American Foreign Policy. Samuel Flagg Bemis. Knopf. \$7.50.

IF NO ONE has ever succeeded in understanding an Adams, an occasional Adams has come dangerously close to understanding himself. That all but morbid introvert, John Quincy Adams, the intensity of whose devotion to his country's best interests was matched only by the range of his intellect, once described himself and his failings with curious detachment. "I am," he said, "a man of reserved, cold, austere, and forbidding manners; my political adversaries say, a gloomy misanthropist, and my personal enemies, an unsocial savage. With a knowledge of the actual defect in my character, I have not the pliability to reform it."

Such a figure is a difficult, an exasperating subject for biography. "There is," Adams declared, "hardly a passion in the human heart but that is arrayed against me." And one is ready to believe that Adams could never learn the secret of getting on with his fellows in politics when one reads his remarks at 27 after a visit to his parents at Quincy. "I have," he wrote, "only to hope that a certain stiffness of temper, which I have not always had enough under control, has not borne the appearance of a departure from that affection and respect which my duty cannot more forcibly enjoin than my heart is ever willing to pay."

However, readers of Professor Bemis' new book must not hope for anything like a psychological portrait of our sixth President. Professor Bemis, who has devoted a lifetime to the study of American diplomatic history, narrows his aim to an examination of Adams as a diplomat. With such an aim there can be no quarrel. What is regrettable, is that Professor Bemis is writing exclusively for earnest graduate students; forgetting the importance of his subject for the common reader, he pads his pages with so many facts, and troubles himself so seldom with their interpretation that the average intelligent American will be likely to lay down the book in despair. For example, Professor Bemis not unjustly considers the Transcontinental Treaty with Spain in 1819 "the greatest diplomatic victory won by any single individual in the history of the United States." No doubt any number of elderly officials in the Department of State could tell you right off that by this, the most significant of the treaties negotiated by Adams, the United States incorporated in its boundaries much of present-day Alabama and Mississippi, not to mention all of Florida. But one is ready to defy anyone not holding the Ph. D. degree to make any such sense out of the welter of detail in Bemis' chapter on the subject.

Wayne Andrews is the author of The Vanderbilt Legend and Battle for Chicago.

All this is rather regrettable, for Adams, who was never appreciated by his contemporaries, might be remembered with admiration, if not affection, by many Americans who neither win, nor care to win post-graduate degrees. His training for foreign affairs was thorough enough. Beginning his diplomatic career in his 'teens, when he served as the secretary to our minister in St. Petersburg, he had already headed our legation at the Hague when, at 30, he was named minister to Berlin by his father. "Merit in my family deserves as much of its country as in another," President John Adams decided. When the Federalists made the mistake of depriving the younger Adams of his seat in the Senate, he shrewdly accepted the Republicans' offer in 1809 to preside over our legation in Russia.

By 1814, when the first efforts were made to put an end to the absurdities of the War of 1812, he was not unnaturally included among the accredited diplomats at the Peace Conference. If he amused Henry Clay at Ghent by refusing to sit at the same table with diplomats of his own country who condoned cigars and wine, he was none the less gaining an Adams' insight into international politics. Humorless his life long, John Quincy Adams was here, as always, a dogged defender of what he conceived to be American rights, at the dinner as well as at the conference table.

Since John Quincy Adams achieved his greatest fame in diplomacy as Monroe's Secretary of State, it is indeed unfortunate that Professor Bemis fails to sketch the state of world politics at the time of the Monroe Doctrine. The reader of Bemis' volume would never know that Adams, by holding American internationalists in check, put an end to Albert Gallatin's dream of an American naval demonstration off the Greek coast. Yet even the most superficial reader of John Quincy Adams' diary can never forget how terrified was Monroe's Secretary at the thought of a world-wide democratic upheaval fed by American enthusiasm. Was Gallatin, as John Quincy Adams would have us believe, a mere toady to the mob of liberals? The question might well have been considered by Bemis.

When the last page of Bemis has been read and re-read, and the last footnote examined and re-examined, many a reader will be bound to ask if Bemis, in his anxiety to study every aspect of the diplomatic history of Adams' life, has highlighted the truly important facts of John Quincy Adams' career. If John Quincy Adams continues to live in American history, it may be less for his diplomatic achievements than for his incarnation of the Northern conscience in the early days of the anti-slavery struggle. "Slavery," Adams wrote in his diary in 1820, "is the great and foul stain upon the American Union, and it is a contemplation worthy of the most exalted soul whether its total abolition is or is not practicable; if practicable by what means it may be effected." The very dissolution of the Union could not frighten an Adams. "The Union might then be reorganised upon the fundamental principle of emancipation. The object is vast in its compass, awful in its prospects, sublime and beautiful in its issue. A life devoted to it would be nobly spent or sacrificed."

Books

Desert Calling. Anne Fremantle. Holt. \$4.00.

AMERICAN Christians, as well as their Anglo-Saxon brethren the world over, both Catholic and dissenting, have often been accused of "actionism" which is, perhaps, best described in Leo XIII's condemnation of "Americanism." The genius for improvisation, for getting results, for attending to the business at hand, and the implicit, almost fussy, thoroughness of the Teutons is, like all virtues, fraught with dangers. The greatest danger of them all, apart from the one of trying to beat the secularists with their own dubious methods and of falling for their yardsticks of success, is superficiality, or what the mystics called "poured-out-mess." Karl Barth, to quote a Protestant, has voiced this opinion in public. But Catholics have often referred to it, at the same time grudgingly admitting that this lamented "actionism" has its compensations in the vigor, loyalty, and aggressiveness of the American Church as a whole.

Whatever truth there may have been in this criticism, it seems that by now there is a change. Thomas Merton's huge success is not explained by his vivid prose and winning personality alone. Anthologies of spirituality are selling all the time. The almost wondrous growth of the Cistercians, the uncompromising spirituality of Dorothy Day's settlements, the growing awareness of the Grail movement, the increasing momentum of the liturgical movement, the more frequent self-criticism and stock-taking in Catholic circles, the Cana movement, and the new and budding movement of young men and women who are setting up communities of teachers and parish helpers, e.g. in New Mexico, show a change in the features of Catholicism in our country.

I should, therefore, think that Anne Fremantle's life of Charles de Foucauld should be a great success—in the good sense of the word. It is well written and makes fascinating reading throughout, applying no plaster nor saccharine to the personality of this strange, potential candidate for canonization. It will appeal to mature readers because it shows, as Thomas Merton did—but this time for a man of the last generation—how a complete worldling became one of the most austere and yet lovable religious figures of the Church. Anne Fremantle makes no attempt to file off rough edges to fit him into any devotional niches. I have never read his life before, and I don't know if there was a final biography; but I venture to say: this looks like one. It is detailed—there are even a few repetitions—but it is never tiresome. The word "boring" does not even come to mind. Mrs. Fremantle, whose background seems to be as infinite in matter as it is well-shaped in Catholic form, shows a sure hand in her selection and presentation.

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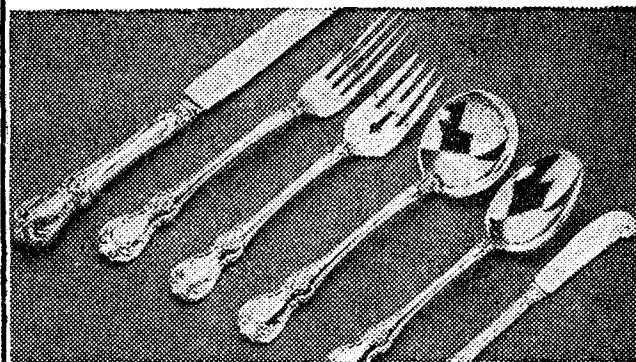
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centered" mysticism which seems to have reached its apogee just before the crest of this wave broke in the reforms of Pius X and its sequel. He stands out as remarkable in Mrs. Fremantle's beautiful book in another way (reported by her with a sort of startled, almost amusing, concern): his fierce French patriotism which does not allow for a clear distinction between his two zeals, the one for the Kingdom of Heaven and the other for the colonial empire of France. He still has this aggravating "Frenchness" that has done so much mischief by its constant confusion of Europeanizing and Christianizing.

It is remarkable to see the author's justice and detachment in describing the human limitations of her hero whose life shows that saints are great men, but not supermen. His unquestioning acceptance of a military pacification of the Sahara, by a French mandate received from above, and his willing cooperation in it are in a strange contrast to his deep appreciation of the spiritual values of Islam, of the great beauty of the land and of the culture of its inhabitants. The author thus suggests forcibly that Charles de Foucauld is of another generation. For a woman she shows few inhibitions in reporting sort of casually a few facts that might make a sergeant blush in ladies' company. She loves her hero as a good mother would, knowing that he has his sweet, endearing sides as well as his nasty ones.

If Foucauld were missing in the book, its description of Africa and that place called the Sahara, which I thought was a waste of dunes and which really is as varied as a trip from California to Denver, would be good. It all sounds very reliable and researched, except that Balzac's "luxuriant ladies" had been as dead as their author for a full generation in 1870 (p. 46), and Evian, though on the Lac Lemman, is not Swiss, but French (p. 55). By western standards, 10,000 people in one place make it a good sized town and not a "tiny community" (p. 56).

Now that de Foucauld has materialized from literary phantomship into a flesh and blood person, the plaguing question arises: was he a contemplative in the Cistercian sense? Are the quirks of his personality or the heroic dedication to divine purpose heavier on the balance? We must thank Mrs. Fremantle for confronting us with a real and true problem. This is a book whose charm and wealth should not mislead us into thinking that the author was unaware of its "open end." The murder of Charles in the desert by the Touaregs—what queer people!—sounds a jarring note all through its fluent themes and chords.

H. A. REINHOLD.

John Milton, Englishman. James Holly Hanford. Crown Publishers. \$3.75.

JOHN MILTON'S poetic reputation has in recent years suffered a number of blows. (We think of Mr. Leavis's; and of Mr. Eliot's, despite his "recantation.") But it has never lacked defenders. Charles Williams' preface to the World's Classics edition of his poems, C. S. Lewis's brilliant and exciting *Preface to*

Paradise Lost—stimulated by Denis Saurat's no less exciting, if occasionally wrong-headed *Milton: Man and Thinker*—have impressed upon us anew that if Milton is to be understood as a poet he must also be studied as schoolmaster, philosopher, theologian, and publicist. Perfunctory applause for the "organ harmonies" is not enough. Milton's life and the poetic career associated with it cannot be viewed apart from his times: increasingly one sees that Masson's vast accumulation of detail was by no means gathered in vain.

Professor Hanford states as the object of his book "to describe the individual, John Milton, in those aspects of his personality which relate most closely to his function as an English poet." He has not said in 272 pages (including a short index) all that can be said of Milton; but if popular interest in him could be revived, he has shown how it might be done.

To justify his title, Professor Hanford points out that in signing a friend's autograph book in Geneva, Milton subscribed himself "Johannes Miltonius Anglus" and added (in Latin) the motto, "I change my sky but not my mind when I cross the seas." "The mind which he did not change," Professor Hanford adds, "was the mind of a man of virtue and an English patriot." Milton, we may presume, did himself considerable violence in accepting the hospitality of the Roman Jesuits. He keenly delighted in the operatic entertainments which he attended as guest of the Barberinis, nephews of Urban VIII; but years later came the psychological compensation, when he used his recollections of St. Peter's for the description of Pandemonium in the first Book of *Paradise Lost*.

Though not all agree that heavy use of poems to supply details of biography is valid, Professor Hanford has done much to make such a method attractive. The successive unfolding of Milton the rebel in Satan, Milton the family man in Adam, Milton the calm philosopher in the Christ of *Paradise Regained*, the presentation, in *Samson Agonistes*, of Milton's unconscious retrospect of himself and his career, and the attempt to date the composition of his poems more precisely than external evidence affords by reference to Milton's changing external situation are, in general, convincing.

But it remains difficult to see just what reader Professor Hanford had in mind in designing his book. Despite his clarity of exposition, many will find the historical and social background sketched in somewhat too lightly to follow with comfort Milton's stormy path against it. On the other hand, students of the period (who will find in the book little that is new) will deplore the absence of notes and references to sources which, no doubt, Professor Hanford has judged it best to omit in the interests of the general reader.

Two slips should be corrected in future editions. Plate III, apparently without Professor Hanford's knowledge, has been omitted; this necessitates a deletion in the Introduction of the remarks upon it and a renumbering of all the succeeding plates discussed. On page 93 the names "Clement IX" and "Urban VIII" have been mistakenly transposed.

ALBAN BAER.

Killers of the Dream. Lillian Smith. Norton. \$3.00.

THERE are two trips each of us must make, according to Lillian Smith. One is into our own heart, the second is into our world. Miss Smith has made them, and *Killers of the Dream* is a passionate report of what she has found.

She began the journeys when she was a child in a small Georgia town. There she first experienced a Southern pattern of sin, sex and segregation. Reflecting upon this in Freudian terms she sees the arbitrary proscriptions and contradictions of the fundamentalist Protestantism she knew, the puritanistic sexual code of her society, and the strange and unreasonable rules of racial segregation, as together producing a blinded, frustrated, essentially fearful intelligence that expresses itself in adult life through the perpetuation—sometimes violent perpetuation—of racism.

She says that it is a fear of truth that makes "Southern tradition" what it is. It is fear indoctrinated by a fear—fear of a God of vengeance (a myth, she says, created by those in the churches who stood to profit by control of the people), a fear of our bodies (which began "when the Church officially proclaimed asceticism the 'superior' life," something that Miss Smith calls a "degradation of the human body"), and a fear of violating the established Southern racial customs (complicated by all the contradictions involved in the existence of the beloved Negro nurse, the master-servant love affairs and the children who came from such unions, the artificial standards of "niceness," and intellectual and spiritual frustration forced upon the white girl, etc.). The child who came from this tradition either believed without question, or feeling its immorality, suppressed his objections and apologized for the rest of his life by "small acts of decency" towards Negroes. The third group of young people rebelled totally and turned to Communism, where Miss Smith says they embraced a totalitarianism which was yet worse.

★

AT A SUMMER camp Miss Smith operated for many years, a young girl spoke to her of the problems faced by those who grow up in this tradition. She movingly asks if she is expected to break the racial laws, if she should rebel against her parents and her society? The author's reply is the foregoing analysis, added to a more general economic and social diagnosis of the roots of the Southern psychosis. Her own convictions about democracy and the course which must be followed by intelligent people in the modern South conclude her book. Her affirmative belief is in the sense of worth, dignity and freedom men have. In their spontaneous willingness to help and respect one another. In a pragmatic moral code based on the accomplishments of science, technique and our accumulated working knowledge of human relations. She says that when men's hearts are converted to these beliefs, then men will build institutions for protecting their dignity, their children, their knowledge and peace.

The fallacies in Miss Smith's analysis and program

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Lucile Hasley's REPROACHFULLY YOURS (\$2.25)—note that several quite sick people have mentioned that they completely forgot what was the matter with them while they were reading it . . .

COLLECTED LETTERS OF ST. TERESE (\$3.75) is for those of your friends, in and out of religion, who already appreciate Therese—and even more, perhaps, for those who don't and never will, unless you do something about it.

F. J. Sheed's Anthology of forty saints, **SAINTS ARE NOT SAD** (\$3.75)—Everybody likes this book: people having the name of one of the saints in it will of course be extra flattered at receiving it: this applies to non-Catholics particularly. While we are on **F. J. Sheed** as an assembler, don't forget **THE GUEST-ROOM BOOK** (\$3.50): the way to a hostess's heart.

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are fairly obvious. The Freudian analysis by itself is not satisfying. Her generalizations about Christianity (the Church's fear of knowledge, its opposition to freedom, etc.) are both culpably ignorant and reckless. Her indictment of a Manichean attitude towards sex is admirable, but her laying that attitude at the door of organized religion is only partially valid. The Catholic Church's condemnation of the idea that the human body is evil and in conflict with spiritual good would seem to place it (to Miss Smith's undoubted embarrassment) somewhat on her own side. She does not make it clear what she advocates as a healthy and responsible conception of sexual life, but she would probably find that the Catholic belief in the sanctity of all created things—of the Incarnation—and in the sacrament of Marriage is in the same spirit as her own belief.

Sadly enough, her positive philosophy is anything but a philosophy. It is the sort of vaguely optimistic, pragmatic faith in salvation through the social sciences which, despite the great passion for justice, love for humans, and beauty of mind Miss Smith exhibits in her book, leads with frightening certainty to that one Sin Against the Holy Ghost which so terrified Miss Smith as a child, the sin of despair.

WILLIAM PFAFF.

The Way West. A. B. Guthrie, Jr. Sloane. \$3.50.

THIS is the story of a movement by wagon train from Independence, Missouri, to Oregon. The people who form the company differ in virtue and in temperament, and they are moved to emigrate for different reasons.

There are, as in every Western movie, "good guys" and "bad guys". Lije Evans and Dick Summers and Charles Fairman are definitely on the side of righteousness; Tadlock and McBee and Mack have a heap of badness in them.

All the elements usually required for a film epic are here. Death on the trail, adultery, close call with Indians, use of buffalo dip for fuel, dangerous fording of rivers, but especially a struggle between "good guy", Lije Evans, and "bad guy", Tadlock, for captaincy of the company.

Mr. Guthrie's previous book, the successful *Big Sky*, led Mr. De Voto to say that "an imagination finer, more subtle, and more powerful than had ever before worked in fiction of the early West came mature. . . ." Although the jacket claims that *Big Sky* differs from this new book as *The Iliad* from *The Odyssey*, Clifton Fadiman is willing to call it "the finest novel on the subject in existence."

GEORGE MILES.

Reason to Revelation. Daniel J. Saunders, S. J. Herder. \$3.50.

AT the outset it is important to note the framework within which Fr. Saunders works. The Catholic apologist, he says, "is not a party to a round-table discussion in which there is a search for the truth; he has the truth. . . . His only concern is to justify before the tribu-

nal of reason the truths which have been given him."

No doubt that gives this manual the air of knowing the answers beforehand, but it does help it to catch the calm and confidence which mark the Catholic position on the matters here explained. The topics themselves are many. There is a good setting forth of the meaning of revelation, mysteries and miracles, a competent exposition of why Catholics accept the New Testament as reliable history and a number of well thought-out chapters devoted to the person of Christ, together with the proofs He offered in support of His messiahship. Then, too, there is an excellent concluding summary and an appended list of books for further reading.

I am not sure that the largely rational tone of the work will appeal to non-Catholics, yet it will, at least, dispel the old bogey about the sacrifice of Reason entailed in Faith. Assuredly, it provides Catholics with a clear-cut statement of the grounds which underlie their belief. And that, after all, was Fr. Saunders's whole purpose in writing it.

HENRY G. J. BECK.

Peter Cooper: Citizen of New York. Edward G. Mack. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. \$5.00.

THERE was nothing spectacular or sensational about the career of Peter Cooper, who gave his name to the Union which functions to this day. But, undoubtedly, he was a superlatively good man, rare in any day, and such persons are hard to write about. To this may be due the fact that no adequate biography of Cooper has appeared before. It is quite apparent that this biography has been a labor of love with Edward Mack who, though by no means a skilled writer, has managed to produce an interesting biography, warmly written and well documented.

The practical philanthropy of Peter Cooper had its recognition in terms of public sentiment when his life was done. Thousands lined the length of Broadway when Peter Cooper's coffin was borne down the thoroughfare. It was asserted by the *Herald* of that day that no funeral could compare with Cooper's. It rather puzzled Tom Hughes, author of *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, when he sat down to write the story of Cooper's life, to explain how a seemingly ordinary businessman and kindly old gentleman, a familiar and occasionally even laughable figure, had suddenly become transformed into the hero of the city without heroes. Hughes, says Mack, could not believe that one who was neither statesman nor soldier nor prophet quite represented the "typical hero whom our English speaking race desires just now to honor."

The author says that Peter Cooper received the almost unprecedented tribute from his fellow-citizens because "he seemed to the America of 1883 to represent precisely what it most desired, to be just the hero for whom it had been yearning." To them he "was both father-figure and reflection of their aspirations."

Mr. Mack portrays Cooper as a typical American of his day, a rugged individualist who used the opportunity

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this country gave to rise by his own effort to a position of affluence and influence. He sees him as the pioneer who did not go west to do his pioneering, but employed all his invention and resource not only to develop wealth but ultimately to devote it, as many other rich Americans did, in the interest of public service. All his life Cooper was almost fatally handicapped by his lack of education, and he was sufficiently conscious of it to wish others not to suffer this lack. "If I could have had such advantages as we can give the poorest boy now," he wrote in later years, "how much more could I have done." His own many half-successes and failures in the field of invention were, indeed, due to this lack, and he was not one to forget it. Cooper not only founded a great institution in his Union, but watched over it personally and devoted his life to its maintenance. Augustus St. Gaudens and Michael Pupin were among the famous persons who attended classes in the Cooper Union. "The feeling of profound gratitude" never left the great sculptor, whose statue of Peter Cooper now stands in front of the Union.

He lived to a good old age, and at 91 could mount the stairs of the Union without undue effort. A "citizen of New York," he was in his own way a citizen of that larger world which recognizes goodness as something which belongs to no one place.

JOHN CURNOS.

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The Three Wishes of Jamie McRuin. Charles O'Neal. Julian Messner, Inc. \$2.75.

THE THREE wishes of Charles O'Neal in writing the *Three Wishes of Jamie McRuin*, apparently were to write a novel that would win the Christophers' award, be made into a Broadway play and, of course, be produced on the screen. The book did win the five thousand dollar, third prize, Christophers' award and according to the jacket blurb is scheduled for Broadway production by Rouben Mamoulian and Albert Lewis. And the screen play certainly poses no problem since the book already has everything a movie has except technicolor. Bing Crosby and Barry Fitzgerald would scarcely have to rehearse to run off this bit of Hollywood Irish nonsense.

Dealing largely with the wandering Irish tinkers of the South, the story moves rapidly and with disregard for detail, to the fulfillment of Jamie McRuin's three wishes: to travel, to marry a beautiful woman, and to have a wonderful son, "who would have the gift of poetry and speak in the ancient tongue." Aided by the Little People and Gentle Folk who peer, with tiresome mischievousness, from behind every page of the book, Jamie moves to America, marries a horse-trader's daughter and adopts a son under circumstances which provide a real movieland ending and which, on the screen, may be guaranteed to strain tear ducts among theatre audiences all over the country.

Mr. O'Neal has the virtue of being able to write in a polished, effortless prose and knows how to tell a story without trying to make it seem more important than it is. Just the thing for Irish grandmothers to pass a rainy afternoon.

JAMES J. WEY.

• REVIEWERS •

Rev. H. A. REINHOLD, editor of *The Soul Afire* and a leader of the Liturgical Movement in the U. S., is pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Sunnyside, Washington.

Rev. Alban BAER, O.S.B., teaches English at the Portsmouth Priory School.

George MILES, a graduate of the University of Notre Dame, is now living on Long Island.

Rev. Henry G. J. BECK is on the faculty at the Immaculate Conception Seminary, Darlington, New Jersey.

John CURNOS is an anthologist who has worked on the O. Henry and the O'Brien short-story collections.

James J. WEY, of Painesville, Ohio, is a graduate student at Catholic University of America.

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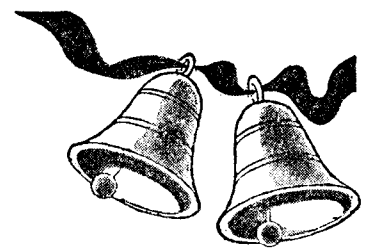
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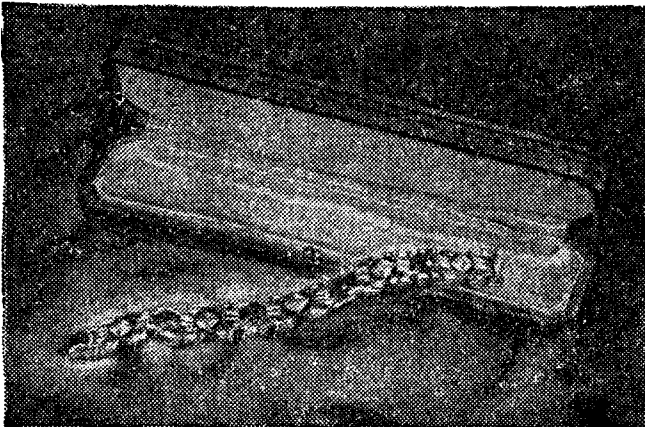
**What other Christmas present
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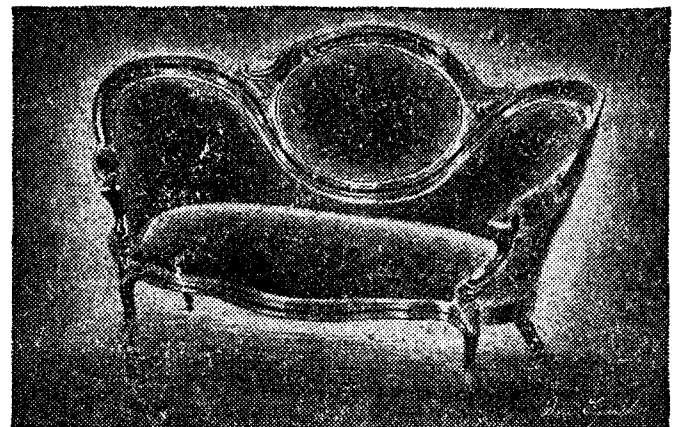
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